

Republic Pictures' Star

A Hearst Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

WESTERN

MARCH

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IN THIS ISSUE:
**FOOL'S GOLD
FIASCO!**



WELL, I'LL BE
SOLD! DARNED
GOLD!

THAT COULD
HAVE LAD A
STEVE BARE!



WELL, WE DO, BUT THIS
BRASS BELONGS TO THE ROCK-
IN A SPREAD.
WHAT GOOD
IS THAT?
A STEVE
IF WE CAN'T
STEAL A CLAM!
A CLAM!

LEAVE THEM!
HEAR! IF WE
COULD WORK OUT
SOME SCHEME
TO MAKE THE
ROCKIN' A BRASS
THE CHAIR OF THE
BRASS WE COULD
STEAL A CLAM AND
GET THE GOLD!



BUT I'M TO
A BRASS
LEFT OF
TWO
BRASS!
ARE YOU
SOME
LODD?

THEY'D BE PLUMB
CRAZY TO DO THAT!

LODD, OH?
THAT WOULD
GIVE ME
AN IDEA!



AS A CLAM!

RIGHT! FOR THE BRASS, BOW!
WE BE RIDING ACROSS THE BRASS,
EIGHT BRASS VEROO RO!



THAT'S BECAUSE IT MEANS THE BRASS
WAS CORRECT IN SPEECH! WE
CAN'T DO THERE, THE BRASS PLACE
IS CHAIRING WITH LODD WEED!

BRASS!



IF OUR BRASS SAY ANY
OF THEM WEEDS, THEY'LL
SO LOOD!

RIGHT! BUT THEY
DON'T KNOW THERE
WE ARE!



HERE WE ARE BOW! THAT'S
BECAUSE CORRECT RIGHT THERE
WE'LL BRASS OUR HORSES AND
SO THE BEST OF THE HEN
ON FOOT!

I DON'T
GET ALL
THIS!



AND THE FURTHER HE'D SAID ACROSS THE BORDER WITH THESE STRANGE BARRETT, A LONG RIDE, A GREAT SLEET BLAZZ, STILL ON NICKERBUSH. BOWEN LANE STRAIGHT SADDLED THE FIRST HORSE ON THE RAIL.

















TAKE LITTLE BILLIE'S PONY-ROLLED BY AN ARABIAN! THE INDIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE BARON'S DAUGHTER, SON.

BOOK? AM I
DREAMING?



THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP AND
THE GUARD, QUOT
BLACKJACK, WHILE I
CREEP UP ON HIM

Late that night Rocky
discovers the Indian camp

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOU BRIGGS — DO' ROBERTS' ON THE WARRATH NOW!

BILLY - YOU'RE SAFE!

LOOK! RICKY CAPTURED THE ALL THUNDER HORSE!

AND NOW THERE'S AN ONLY SON OF THE!

Quickly rounding up the Texas Posse, Ricky leads the posse trail where he meets Billy's father and the ranch owner.

WOW! GAIL
I REMINDS
YOU BOOBY!

JUST GIVE ME
SOME OTHER CABBAGE
MALTED
BONES!

BEING UP
CABBAGE
MALTS ARE
BORN TO
HANG!

ARE YOU
THE TASTE
SWELL!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AND WHEN ROCKY COMES TO—

ON MY HEAD! I WONDER WHO THE CATTIEBIRD IS WHO HIT ME FROM BEHIND! (HE ALSO WONDERED HOW HE GOT PAST THE CLERK.) (ROCKY, SAYS IN TONGUE, SEE-ING THE CHIEF, HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW I WAS WORKING HERE.)



HE MUST BE BEHIND THERE, FOLK-RECKED HIMSELF, AND THE BEAK ON HIS REPORTED THEM TO THE CHIEF WERE TO NAME HIMSELF (LOOK NAUGHTY!)



SO AS ROCKY COMES INTO THE FRONT OF THE GENERAL STORE —

I WAS WONDERING WHO'S BEEN SHOT!



THOSE GOODNESS WERE STILL BREATHING! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR! (ROCKY.)



SECONDS LATER—

HURRY, WHEN HE COMES TO, HE'LL BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE CRIME THIS TIME!



ON AT THE DOCTOR'S—

HE'LL LIVE!—THANKS TO YOUR GETTING HIM HERE IN TIME—BUT IT'LL BE SOME BEFORE HE SHAPE UP OF THE CRIME!

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THE FIRST INLET, BUT NOT THE SECOND!



AS SOON AS THE CATTIEBIRD HEARS HE'S NOT DEAD, THEY'LL PROBABLY VANISH! (ROCKY TOWNS) HE CAN'T IDENTIFY THEM WHEN HE COMES TO.



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





AND BY THE TIME ROCKY REGAINS HIS BALANCE, THE THREE CROOKS HAVE A GOOD HEAD START ON HIM, BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP MARSHAL ROCKY LANE!





ROCKY LAKE WESTERN

AND ROCKY (IN LAWS) AND BLAZING FISTS WITH THE PUNCH HE SAVED FOR FIGHTING DRUGS!



COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

Rocky Lake

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
ROD CAMERON
IN

Red Cameron

ONLY 5¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

Get in shape! Use and abuse our workout!



SLIM PICKENS

and THE SPARKLING CASE













ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BREAKER?

YES, I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THE COUNTRY SOUTHERN AND I DO AFTER THAT CRITTER AND TEACH HIM A LESSON!



YOU SENT FOR ME, SHERIFF?

YES, ROCKY! BEST BULLY IN THE BARBERSHILL! HE'S A BILLYBONE WHO BOUGHT A BARGE WHILE TOMMY LAST WEEK. HE HESON HELP!

I SURE DO! THERE WAS A BARGE HERE FOR A FEW DAYS. SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING ME, NOW IN THE CASE OF IT. HE THINKS HE'S LIKE A SHADOW.



IF ALL HE DOES IS FOLLOW YOU IN A BARGE, THERE ISN'T MUCH THAT CAN BE DONE. AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO CRIME.

WOW, RIGHT! THAT'S NOT A CRIME, NO! I CAN'T ASSURE YOU! THAT'S WHY I WANT FOR YOU, SINCE HE'LL NEVER SUSPECT YOU'RE AN EXCELLENT MARSHAL. MAYBE YOU CAN FIND OUT WHAT HE SAYS IS.



I'LL DO MY BEST, SHERIFF. CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE HORSE TO ME?

I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT. I CAN SAY HE'S A BARGE, HE'S BEEN IN LATE, TWICE FOR ROBBERY AND MY OWN SHERIFF IS THAT HE'S TRYING TO GET HIS HAND ON AN TYLER'S PORTUGAL.



AND THIS IS THE CRITTER WHO ALMOST KNEW HE COULD JUST NOW, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE ARRESTING HIM WITH MY BARGE NAME YOU SAY. DON'T WORRY, I CAN FIND HIM.

RIGHT OUTSIDE MY BARGE! HE'S BEEN CHARGED THERE FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS. TELL YOU HOW TO GET THEM!



OUT THE ROCKY LANE, THE WAY TOWARD THE TYLER SPREAD...

WHA! BLACK JACK! SCARCELY IN TROUBLE! FINDED BACK NEELSON WILL HAVE TO WAIT! I'VE GOT TO SEE IF I CAN LEND A HELPER HAND!

HELP! HELP!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

NEVER AND NO STRANGER! THE CRITTER WHO TRIED ME UP AND OFF WITH HIS FATHER, A FEW MINUTES AGO, MAYBE YOU CAN FIND HIM BEFORE THEY SURE HIM. FROM THE WINDOW I COULD SEE THEM AGO NORTH.

WITHOUT A SECOND'S HESITATION, ROCKY RODE TO THE RESCUE!

SO FAR WE HAVEN'T MENTIONED ANYONE, BUT THEY CAN'T GET AWAY FROM US! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF IN THIS PLAYLAND!



LATER... WE MIGHT AS WELL TURN BACK! BLACK JACK'S HEAD STRUCK THAT SPOT! COULDN'T HAVE GIVEN US THE GUY! HE MUST BE HIDING SOME PLACE AND THE ONLY SPOT I SAW IN WHICH HE COULD HIDE WAS THAT DESERTED BRACKEN WE PASSED A WHILE AGO!



SHORTLY AFTER... THIS PLACE LOOKS DESERTED, BUT IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO LOOK AROUND!









ROCKY LAKE WESTERN



SPECIAL OFFER

YOU ... CAN GET

ROCKY'S

WITH BLACK JADE, AN ADVENTURE
IN THE WESTERN GENRE
BASED ON THE TODAY!!!

INCLUDES: 100 COLORED AND 100
AND 100 COLORED AND 100
AND 100 COLORED AND 100
AND 100 COLORED AND 100

100 COLORED AND 100
AND 100 COLORED AND 100
AND 100 COLORED AND 100
AND 100 COLORED AND 100

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
BOYS AND GIRLS ...
TWO SWELL PREMIUMS
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

**BOTH
FOR ONLY
15¢**
AND ONE HOT
RALSTON OR INSTANT
RALSTON BOX TOP

**BIG
2 FOR 1
TOM MIX
OFFER!**

1 Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope

No feet in your Straight Shooter going with this new, super useful good luck charm!

Peasant Telescope! Handy, easy to focus! Distant objects look three larger!

Magnifying Glass! Make things 4 times bigger! Read fingerprints, convenient table — read copyrighted radio messages!

A "Smeller." Two Lots of Fun magnifying your friends with super-lens that makes things look 20 times smaller!

Secret Compartment! Plenty of space for secret maps or messages!

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Use magic inside the Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope.

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Address: _____

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Send with a 1¢ coin (one) to receive your premiums and will arrive on the back of it. The Ralston or Instant Ralston box top will mail again 15¢ to have the Magic-Tone Birdcall and Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope. Send your 15¢ and more by enclosing an old box top.







BIGGER BETTER BUBBLES--


PRICE-A PENNY A PIECE--

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUMMES FLAT--

1¢

FORMERLY FLEET GUM
Produced by W. W. W.





BORDER BADMEN

By Walter Farmer



STARE hung low in the black-black sky. The air was soft and quick, with only the faintest breeze stirring. The heavily river crept silently by as if bent on evil deeds.

It was a perfect night for romance—or murder!

The black silhouette of the lone rider was a perfect target. A gun barked. The rider tumbled from the horse and lay still in the tall weeds near the river. A low bird-like whistle sounded. Almost at once the silence was shattered by the hoofs of a score of riderless horses being driven into the river by mounted men. The horses splashed and swam and soon were disappearing up the far bank, across the border. The riders drove after them, into some more from United States law!

"Tony's dead," said the tall man with the leathery face and the brush-like, iron gray hair. "We all know what he was like! An brave a man as ever larked a saddle. A smart heeler and a good fighter in any tough spot. And just about the quickest draw and best marksmen that ever belonged to the border patrol. But they got him just the same."

He pointed as if to let the full significance sink in to the small circle of men.

"We've got only a handful of men to patrol a stretch of river stretch as long as from here to the moon, across here," he continued. "We can't expect reinforcements for days, maybe weeks. Meanwhile, as our forces get fewer, the rustlers get more plentiful! No use palming, we can't stand up and fight them man to man. We've got to think up some way to outfox them. And presto!"

He looked around inquiringly at the men of the border patrol. At length, Pinto Clement spoke up in his squeaky, high voice. "I've got an idea, Cap!" he said. "We could have somebody sit in the river in a rowboat. He'd be a secret agent. These outlawed drunks suspect us to be patrolling on shore and they can hear the bad boys whenever we're sound. But somebody in a boat could hardly be seen or heard, and he could spot anything that was going on shore and signal the rest of us."

Somebody gaffered. It was Duke Letch.

Some of the others chuckled, too.

"What's the matter, Letch, don't you cater to the idea?" asked Cap, sternly.

"It's plumb loco, if you ask me!" he declared. "A boat! What's Pinto trying to do? Turn us into a herd of dry land sailors? Ma, I feel plumb underused if I'm not wearing a saddle under me. I never heard tell of going after rustlers in a boat."

"Neither did I," agreed Cap.

Pinto, looking down at his high-headed boots, seemed crestfallen.

"I never heard of it and I reckon the rustlers never heard of it either. That makes it a good idea. It'll be a surprise to them when we try it, tonight!" concluded Cap.

PINTO crouched low in the boat and let it drift with the stream. He didn't want to risk even the slight creak of the oarlocks. He was amazed to how clearly the shore sounds drifted to him in midstream. It was as if the water made a sounding board.

His ears picked up the unmistakable sound of many hoofs. Good hoofs! It meant the horse thieves were busy again, taking full advantage of the dark of the moon. He reckoned the odds to be a quarter of a mile downstream, so he straightened a little and began pulling strongly on the oars. While the rustlers were driving, their own splatter would drown out the oar splash, he figured.

He had not dipped the oars three times when a fusillade of shots ripped toward him from the nearer bank. The little boat was riddled with slugs. Other border patrolmen, hearing the gunfire, converged on the spot in time to see the small craft wobbling and sink. Meanwhile, a quarter of a mile away, the rustlers were making another stunning unmolested.

"Well, that's the end of the breezy boat idea!" said Duke Letch, gazing across the river. "And it's the end of Pinto, too."

"I'm afraid it is," said Cap sadly, removing his hat.

"The poor boy meant well," continued Letch, "but a horseman is plumb lost when he gets any ideas about riding some other kind of creature, especially a boat. That's the end of Pinto!"

His tone was meant to be sad, but he couldn't conceal the feeling of "I told you, so" in his voice.

"It's not the end of Pinto!" said a dripping figure, emerging from the water.

"Pinto!" exclaimed Cap.

"Pinto!" exclaimed Letch and the others.

"Yes, they shot the boat right out from under me, but they didn't even scratch your truly," asserted Pinto. "Somebody got lucky and spotted me. But I'm still sure this is a good idea and I'm going out in another boat tomorrow night."

"Oh, no!" said Cap. "Too dangerous. I'm certain sure the rangers have a spy who knows our plans. They know you'd be out there tonight and they ambushed you. You were lucky. But tomorrow you might not be!"

But Pinto set his speechy voice to work defending his idea, and finally Cap agreed to one more try.

TWO men crouched low in the reeds near the river bank, peering out into the darkness. "There he is," whispered one as he made out the rowboat, drifting in midstream slowly toward them. The other raised a rifle.

"Wait!" said his companion. "Let him get nearer!"

"I will," said the rifeman. "Just wanted to try my sight."

They waited.

"You got to admit that boat idea is pretty slick," said one in a low voice. "It could have spotted our whole game—if we hadn't been tipped off!"

The other chuckled. "That's right, it could have."

"Clear and clear drifted the boat.

One of the watchers whispered, "That's him, huddled up in the middle like a poke of hog feed. Get him! Are you ready?"

"Ready!" said the rifeman.

"Wait for the signal!"

It came in a moment. A whistle, mournful

as from a wounded bird. The rifeman drew a bead on the rowboat and squeezed the trigger.

The crack of the rifle was followed by a blinding flash and a thunderous explosion. The little rowboat turned to sudden, roaring flame, lighting up the broad river. Ropes and flumes shot skyward.

Smiling horses, that had been headed for the river to swim across the border and be sold at fancy prices, were filled with fright by the awesome sight. Whinnying and rearing they turned and charged in many directions. Some of the rustlers, trying valiantly to stop them, were unseated and slashed by the plunging hoofs. Others, who tried to flee, found themselves rushing into the waiting arms—and guns—of well-prepared border guards.

Catching his breath, the rifeman said to his companion, "Something's wrong! We'd better run for it!"

"You'd better!" said the other. "But not me! I'll just mingle with the patrol again!"

"NO YOU won't!" said a voice from behind. The pair whirled to face the business ends of two Colts held by Pinto Clement. "Back! Night! And quick!"

The rifle plucked to the ground as both men obeyed.

"You've got me wrong," Pinto," whined one of the men. "I was just about to arrest this varmint."

"Dude Letch!" bellowed the rifeman, "you're the bigger-lie since—"

"Back up!" ordered Pinto. "I know somebody was trailing the border patrol and I sort of figured it'd be Letch. Last night, when my rowboat got turned into a stove with me in it, all the other peaceless rode up with their horses pasting. But yours, Letch, wasn't breathing hard. You didn't have to ride fast to get to the state because you were the one who did the cheating."

"That's right, he did," roared the rifeman.

"Be tonight," continued Pinto. "I filled up the new boat with dynamite and fireworks. It was a trap—and you boys set it all yourselves!"

THE END







AND SO IT GOES FOR THE REST OF THE MOVING!







ROPING 'N' RIDING With

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE
AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Howdy, "Podners":

Now that Old Man Winter is slacking his grip, the clouds and rains are raining all over the Range and a lot of them will soon be spilling over their banks — which means the cowboys will be riding the "dog line."

Putting hog is the toughest, dirtiest, most dangerous chore on the range. The job, when the rivers get swollen and spill over, they turn the bottoms of the ranges into beds of mud, which sometimes get to be high water-side. When a lot of critters (cattle) get bogged down in the mud, the bog-riders (cowboys) have to haul 'em out to save their lives... which is easier said than done. It takes A POWERFUL LOT OF TEAM WORK between a cowboy and his horse, but I reckon TEAM WORK always was known to work wonders.

First off, only horses with plenty of "juice" and experience are used. A raw horse might get himself bogged down and that would be a fix. When a bog-riider spots a critter that's bogged down (stuck in the mud) he builds himself a big loop with his rope and uses his horse as close as possible. Then he ropes the critter by the horns and gives his rope a twist or two around his saddle horn, (this twist is called a dally) so he can ease up in case the critter is trying to get its feet under it and draw itself up while the horse is slowly hauling it out.

Most of the critters that are bogged down'll fight the bog rider and that's where the bog rider depends on his horse and — **TEAM WORK**. Your horse has to "savvy" his rope signals right well, too. Most horses are taught to give a little slack when you give your rope a yank or two and to pull when when you "snake" the slack back at him.

The important foreman's that saving all those lives on the bog line can be put right down to — **TEAM WORK**. So let's all of us. Fords get the ring of working together, whether it's at home or while riding the bog line. **TEAM WORK** is what makes a "rookie" out of a fellow.

If at any time it appears we're a little slow in answering your mail and requests, kinda bear with us, 'cause we're mighty busy and often away from home. Besides that, the mails checked sky high.

Your pals, **Allan "Rocky" Lane**
and **Black Jack U**

P.S. Our latest movie adventures now showing on your local screens are "Big Whiskered Gopher" and "HAROLD TEALY."



REPUBLIC PRESENTS STAR

Rocky Lane

in

BUFFALO BULLHACKERS SHOWDOWN!



"Bullhacker" sliding beside their covered wagons, Murray saw tracks to catch the unknown's southeast of the plains, targets of soldiers' wrath in the face of the West and their own great slide. And the fighting heart of ROCKY LANE and the twinkling speed of his lightning six-gun caught them the meaning of the richest secret ever to come out of the West in "BUFFALO BULLHACKERS SHOWDOWN!"

We find ROCKY LANE, too-fisted fighting young Undercover Marshal, scouting danger along the Wyoming Trail...

BECAUSE IT BETTER MARK ANY WAGON TRAIL AGAINST TRYING TO SEE THE FORDING SPOT WHILE THE RIVER IS ON ITS SPRING RAMPAGE!



THEY'LL BEAT BACK FROM A CORNERED WAGON TRAIL BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN. LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! IF THEY TRY A CHARGE HERE, THEY'RE DONE!



WHA! LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE BEEN AND WOUNDED THEM!







ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Well, not too far away, a pair of horns... twisted eyes stare... the horses...

ANOTHER CLOUD OF DUST? MUST BE ANOTHER PARTY OF SETTLERS HEADING FOR BAD BLUE COUNTRY! NO! SETTLER HORN! TALK, TOO!

GET DOWN, BLANK JAW, OLD FART! LOOKS AS IF OUR WASTING SETTLERS OF THE SPOLLER BRIDE IS GETTING TO BE A TALKING JOB!

IT'S A HEED OF BUFFALO BLIND DRIVING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE TO THAT CANYON UP AHEAD! ANOTHER CHANCE? BEHOLD THEM! BEAR DOWN INTO!



THEY'RE NOT BUFFALO HUNTERS, THAT'S SURE, BECAUSE THEY'RE WEARING ONLY BUCKLE-UP! NOT A BUFFALO BUT BEING CARRIED BY ANY OF THEM. **SAV!** TALK! TALK! THE SAME JAWBROK HAD ADVISED THE SETTLERS TO SETTLE HERE. LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING... NO, I AIN'T TO FIND OUT WHAT!



THE NEXT CLOUD OF DUST THEY'RE HEADING UP MEANS A GOOD SCREEN. ILL BE UP ON THEM AND FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!



WELL, THERE HE PART COMPANY FOR A WHILE, BLANK-JACK! **DOWN** OLD FART! TALK! TALK! I DON'T WANT THEM JAWBROK TO SPOT ME WHILE I SCOUT ON AHEAD!



THERE IT, BONES! FOR THE FIRST OF TEN IS WHILE WE TORCH A COUPLE OF THE GUILTERS AND GET THOSE SNAKES AND OLD READY!

SNAKES AND OLD WASTING WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO!





HOW CAN THEY TALK? SAY THAT A TEAM OF BUFFALOES WOULD EAT THEM? HOW COME THEY DON'T LAY DOWN AND DIE?

BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT BUFFALOES! IN FACT THEY'RE TWO OF YOUR OWN BROTHERS WHO -- MADE TO LOOK LIKE BUFFALOES!

THERE? DOES THAT PROVE THE POINT?

WELL, IT'S BECAUSE YOU WERE RIGHT!

NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS NOW! I'VE GOT A MASS OF CRIMES TO BASH!



As the rest of the crowd sat, they observed a great black stallion, shrouded to his nostrils in...



GET DOWN, BLACK JACK, OLD RABBIT, WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE!



FASTER! THERE THEY GO, TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH THE BEST OF THE STOLEN CASH!



IT -- IT'S THE LAWMAKER! HE MUST'VE GOT AWAY FROM THE SETTLERS, BUT HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME!



YOU'VE GOT TO BE BETTER THAN THAT TO SHAP SHOTS WITH ME!

OW! I'VE GOT THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND!





? ! ? ! ? QUIZ

1. JAMES MONROE WAS THE FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
TRUE.....FALSE.....
2. HAND GUNNERS WERE FIRST USED IN THE CIVIL WAR.
TRUE.....FALSE.....
3. SIR GALILEO WAS SEARCHED FOR THE HOLY GRAIL.
TRUE.....FALSE.....

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE: 100% = 3 CORRECT, 90% = 2 CORRECT, 80% = 1 CORRECT, 70% = 0 CORRECT, 60% = 0 CORRECT, 50% = 0 CORRECT, 40% = 0 CORRECT, 30% = 0 CORRECT, 20% = 0 CORRECT, 10% = 0 CORRECT, 0% = 0 CORRECT.

4. A STANDARD TYPEWRITER HAS THREE RINGS ON KEYS.
TRUE.....FALSE.....
5. SLAVE WAS ADMITTED TO THE UNION IN 1850.
TRUE.....FALSE.....

ANSWERS

1. TRUE
2. TRUE
3. FALSE
4. FALSE
5. TRUE

100% = 3 CORRECT
90% = 2 CORRECT
80% = 1 CORRECT
70% = 0 CORRECT
60% = 0 CORRECT
50% = 0 CORRECT
40% = 0 CORRECT
30% = 0 CORRECT
20% = 0 CORRECT
10% = 0 CORRECT
0% = 0 CORRECT

